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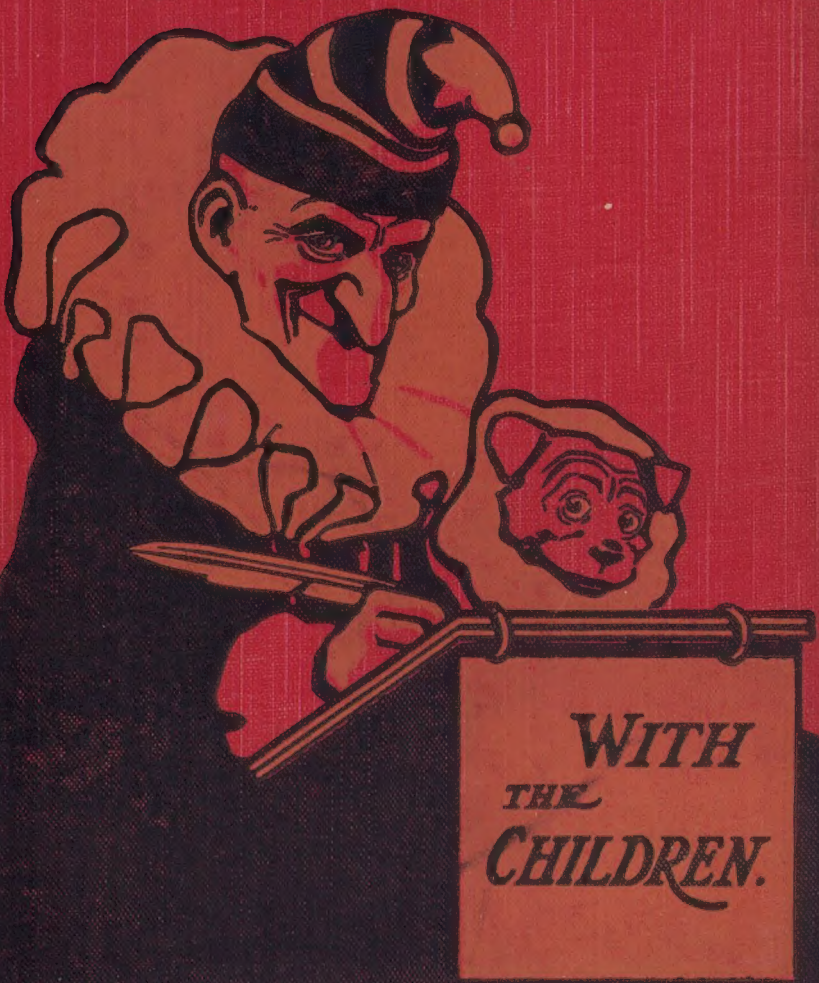
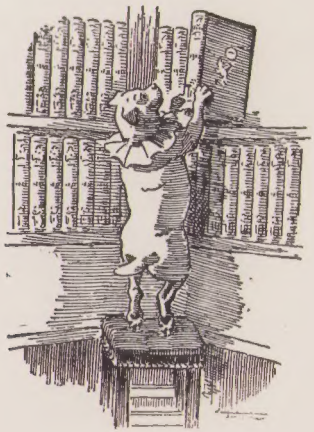


PUNCH LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

Designed to provide in a series of volumes, each complete in itself, the cream of our national humour, contributed by the masters of comic draughtsmanship and the leading wits of the age to "Punch," from its beginning in 1841 to the present day

MR. PUNCH WITH THE CHILDREN



MUCH ADO.—"Mamma-a-a! Boo-hoo! We's crying! Tum up 'tairs an' see what's de matter wiv us!"

MR. PUNCH

WITH

THE CHILDREN

AS PICTURED BY

PHIL MAY, GEORGE DU MAURIER, CHARLES KEENE, JOHN LEECH, GORDON BROWNE, L. RAVEN-HILL, CHARLES PEARS, LEWIS BAUMER, DAVID WILSON, TOM BROWNE, J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, C. E. BROCK, TOM WILKINSON, HILDA COWHAM, AND OTHER HUMORISTS

IN 175 ILLUSTRATIONS

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IN WIG AND GOWN
ON THE WARPATH
BOOK OF LOVE
WITH THE CHILDREN

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the order of our Library "Mr. Punch with the Children" comes last, yet, so continual and sincere has been the interest of the breezy little man in the children, we might well have placed this volume first. The *Punch* pictures, stories and jests that are concerned with the young folk are almost inexhaustible. The present collection, though containing the cream of them, comes very far indeed from reproducing them all, or even fifty per cent. For every notable artist and writer who has been much associated with *Punch* since 1841 has had something to say or to illustrate of the humours of child life. If genius be the power to be a child again at will, we can understand this abiding interest in the doings of the children. Mr. Punch himself resembles Peter Pan, for he has never grown up. The years roll by, but the jolly little hunchback remains as young as ever.

The variety of individuality in the children, to whom we are here introduced, is noteworthy. In the days of Leech, downright impudence seems to have been a characteristic of the young; to-day it would seem children are better mannered, even if the *enfant terrible* is still thriving and

likely to do so. There are nice children here, and naughty ones; clever and dull children; pretty and ugly children—the mischievous are chiefly memories of last generation! Phil May's children are all clearly of the "gutter snipe" order, in which he delighted, full of character and a somewhat pathetic humour; but how clean and sweet and lovable are Du Maurier's or Mr. Lewis Baumer's! Mr. Raven-Hill seems to be attracted somewhat in the same direction as Phil May; but all are interesting, and their sayings and doings are eminently worthy to be thus permanently gathered into one volume.

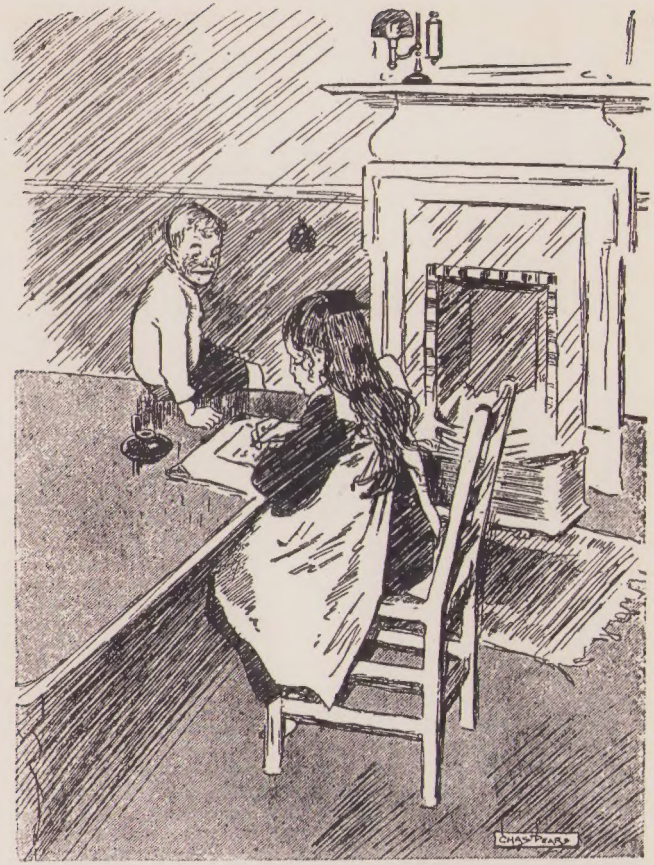
Boy (*looking forward to a party in the evening*). "Oh, mummy, baby *is* naughty! He has taken two things off the calendar, and made it to-morrow!"

MR. PUNCH WITH THE CHILDREN

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

A SERIOUS MATTER.—*Grandfather* (*to Miss Pansy, who is somewhat flushed and excited*). What's the matter, my pet?

Miss Pansy (*aged eight*). Oh, grandpa, me and my kitten have been having the most awful row. We've often quarrelled before and made it up again, but this time we're not on speaking terms.



Bobbie (dictating letter to his sister, whom he has "squared" into writing for him). "Dear Miss Brown, please xcuse Bobbie for not bean at school sinse Tewsday has he as add twothake on Tewsday and on Wednesday he broke is harm and he ad to go to a party yesterday afternoon. If he does not come to-morrow it will be because a boy thrue a stoan at is i.—Yours trooly, Bobbie's mother."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—*Little Girl* (*who has been disturbed by a mouse, in a stage-whisper to her sleeping sister*). "Wake up! Oh wake up and mew, Amy; mew for your life!!"

UNIMAGINATIVE

Auntie. "Do you see the hair in this old brooch, Cyril? It was your great-grandfather's."
Cyril. "I say, Auntie, he didn't have much!"

Auntie. Well, Effie, did you enjoy your party last night?

Effie. Very much, thank you, auntie.

Auntie. And I suppose mamma was there to look after you?

Effie. Oh no! Mamma and I *don't belong* to the same set!

NICE NEPHEW!

Tommy. "Talking of riddles, Uncle, do you know the difference between an apple and a elephant?"

Uncle (benignly). "No, my lad, I don't."

Tommy. "You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy apples, wouldn't you?"

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.—"Now go to school, and be a good boy. And mind you don't use any rude words!"

"Rude words! *Tell* me a few, mummy, and then I shall *know*, you know!"

A "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR"

Governess. "Now, just one more subtraction sum——"

Dolly. "Oh, Miss Crawford, I don't fink mummie would let me do any more of *those* sums, 'cause in them you borrow *ten* and pay back only *one*, and that's cheating!"

A GREAT AMBITION

Little Girl (*watching her mother fixing hatpins through her hat*). "When will *I* be old enough, mummy, to have holes made in *my* head to keep my hat on?"

REHEARSAL FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS ON BOXING-DAY.—*Master Brown* (*leading tragedian, who has been studying a fearful blood-curdling old melodrama, entering suddenly*). "Here are the letters. Two million pounds is the price of my silence!"

WALKING HOME FROM THE PANTOMIME.—*Little Chris* (*who usually goes to bed very early*). Mamma, have all the angels been to Drury Lane to-night?

Mamma. No, darling? Why?

Little Chris (*pointing to the stars*). 'Cause they've kept the lamps up there lighted so late.

OUR CHRISTMAS TEA.—*Unregenerate Youth.* "Pass the needy caike!" *Vicar's Daughter.* "If—— ? If ——?" *Unregenerate Youth.* "If 'e don't I'll shove 'im in the faice!"

THE PROBLEM.

Samuel. "Muvver, does a hen lay an egg when it *likes* or *must* it?"

A Grand-Daughter of Eve.—*Mamma (to Molly, who has scratched and bitten her French nurse, and who won't be sorry for her behaviour).* "Oh, Molly, don't you know who it is puts such wicked thoughts into your head?" *Molly.* "Ah, yes, the *scratching!* But to *bite* Félicie was quite my own idea!"

ROGUES FALLING OUT.—*Mamma.* What is baby crying for, Maggie?

Maggie. I don't know.

Mamma. And what are *you* looking so indignant about?

Maggie. That nasty, greedy dog's been and took and eaten my 'punge-take!

Mamma. Why, I saw you eating a sponge-cake a minute ago!

Maggie. O—that was baby's!

A SCIENTIFIC NURSERY DEFINITION.—*Little Algy Muffin.* What's the meaning of bric-à-brac, that mamma was talking about to Colonel Crumpet?

Little Chris Crumpet. Those things we mustn't play bricks with, a-fear we'll break them.

POETRY FOR SCHOOLBOYS.—Little Tommy Tender, who received a flogging the week before his holidays, says his feelings were the contrary of those felt by the poet, when he penned the touching line—

"My grief lies onward, and my joy behind."

Little Bobby (*whose mamma is very particular, and is always telling him to wash his face and hands*). "Mummy dear! I do wish I was a little black boy." *Mamma.* "My dear Bobby, you generally are." *Little Bobby.* "Oh, I mean *really* black. *Then* you wouldn't see when I was dirty."

EVERYTHING CAN BE EXPLAINED

Cissie (*who has never seen an Archdeacon before*). "Dick, that old clergyman has got gaiters on. What does it mean when a clergyman wears gaiters?"

Dick (*who knows everything*). "Oh, it means that he belongs to the cyclist corps!"

"WHAT MAISIE KNEW"

Kind Aunt. "You needn't be afra'd of my little pug, Maisie. He won't bite you."

Maisie. "No, auntie. But he might kick!"

Bobby. "Do you know what daddy calls you, Mr. Tovey?"

Mr. Tovey. "No Bobby. What is it?"

Bobby. "He calls you Port Arthur, 'cause you take so long to surrender!"

Little Girl (*to mother, who has just read notice*). "I suppose, mother, it doesn't mention *which* half of the poor thing we are to look for?"

JUVENILE GEOGRAPHY.—*Governess.* The earth moves round the sun . . . it takes a whole year to complete the round . . . and this accounts for the four seasons. What are the four seasons of the year, Phyllis?

Phyllis (*aged* five). This year, next year, sometime, never.

"IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER."—*Grace.* Harold, why did pa call that Mr. Blowhard a liar?

Harold. 'Cos he's smaller than pa!

A LITTLE LEARNING.—*Teacher.* And who was Joan of Arc?

Scholar. Please, sir, Noah's wife.

A LITTLE STEPMOTHER.—*Uncle.* Hullo! Dot, got a new doll?

Little Miss Dot. Hush, uncle, don't speak too loud. She is not one of my own, but belonged to Millie Simpson, who was cruel to her and 'bandoned her, so I have 'dopted her; but I don't want her to know, because I mean to make no difference between her and my own dollies.

A POSER

Katie (in consternation). "Oh, mother, how *will* Santa Claus do about that poor man's stockings?"

THE RETURN INVITATION.—"Please, Mrs. Subbubs, mamma says she'll be glad if you'll come to tea on Monday." "With pleasure, Bessie. Tell your mother it's really too kind——" "Oh, no! mamma says she'll be glad when it's over."

"Did our hat-rack walk about and have only two pegs, once, auntie?"

STABLE TALK.—*The General.* "That's a funny so.t of horse you've got there, Cuthbert." *Cuthbert.* "Yes, gran'pa. You see he's been 'eating his head off' all the winter!"

Severe Mother. "You naughty boy! How dare you tell such stories? Aren't you ashamed of yourself for being a little liar?" *Injured Son.* "Well, mother, 't ain't my fault. Father gave me a awful thrashing the other day for having spoken the truth." *Mother.* "What *do* you mean?" *Son.* "Why, when I told you that father had come home quite drunk the night before!"

"IN STRANGE ATTIRE"

"Nurse! Nurse! Bobby's out of bed, and running about in his *bananas!*"

PROOF

"You won't go in that dark room alone by yourself, Tommy."
"Oh! won't I? You just *come with me*, and see me do it!"

INCONTROVERTIBLE

"And how *old* are you, my little man?"
"I'm not old at all. I'm nearly *new!*"

THE FORCE OF CLASSIC TEACHING.—*Master.* Now, boys, what is Hexham famous for?

Binks Minor. Making the hexameter, sir.

[*Waits afterwards.*

PROVERBS REVISED.—"*One is better than two.*"

Mother. You are a very naughty little girl!

Little Girl (*after some thought*). Aren't you glad I wasn't twins, mummy?

MISUNDERSTOOD

Mild Old Gentleman rescues a bun which child has dropped in the mud.

Child (*all aglow with righteous indignation*). "That's *my* bun!"

TRUE SENTIMENT.—"I'm writing to Mrs. Montague, Georgie—that pretty lady you used to take to see your pigs. Haven't you some nice message to send her?"

"Yes, mummie; give her my love, and say I never look at a little black pig now without thinking of *her!*"

Chemist. "Pills, eh?" (*Emphasising question*) "Anti-bilious?"
Child (*readily*). "No, sir; uncle is!"

Mother. "Now, dear, why don't you run away and give grandpa a kiss?"
Child (somewhat nonplussed by grandpapa's moustache and beard). "I don't see any place for it, mamma!"

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," &c.—*Ethel.* "Mummy dear, why did you tell Richard you 'weren't at home' just now?" (*Pause.*) "Mummy, I mean——" *Mamma.* "When Sir Fusby Dodderidge called? Why, Ethel dear, because he bores me." *Ethel.* "Oh!" (*After thoughtfully considering the matter with regard to her governess*). "Then may I say I'm not at home when Miss Krux calls to-morrow? for *she* bores *me* awfully?"

AT THE RINK.—*Little Girl.* "Oh, Captain Sprawler, *do* put on your skates, and show me the funny figures you can make." *Captain S.* "My dear child, I'm only a beginner. I can't make any figures." *Little Girl.* "But Mabel said you were skating yesterday, and cut a *ridiculous* figure!"

A Little Knowledge.—*Daisy* (*who has been studying Chrysanthemums*).—Maisy, do you know what's a *Double Begonia?*

Maisy (*who has been studying the Classics*). - 'Double Big-onia"? Yes! Of course, it's the plural of one big onion.

Maidenly Etiquette.—*Little Chris* (*ætat. eight*). I've a birthday party on Thursday, Evie. I should like you to come.

Little Evie (*ætat nine*). I should love to, dear.

Little Chris. But I couldn't, you know, unless you asked me to tea first.

In the Library.—*Tommy.* How beautifully those books is binded!

Little Dot. No, Tommy, that's wrong. You mustn't say "binded"; you should say, "are bounded."

Superlative Assurance.—*Papa* (To Little Chris). I can't quite understand you. Was it Mr. Jones, or Mr. David Jones, or Mr. Griffith Jones, whom you met?

Little Chris (*stoutly*). All I know is, it was the *third eldest* Mr. Jones.

Mabel (*stroking kitten, a new present*). "Mother, kitty's so hot! Ought she to sit so near the fire?" (*Kitten purrs.*) "Oh, mother, listen! She's beginning to boil!"

A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.—*Aunt Maria.* What a good little boy to leave your little friends to come with a poor old auntie like me.

Master Douglas. Oh, mother always *makes* us do nasty things and things we don't like.

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.—(*The Fair Weather Barometer.*) This is a pleasing and simple experiment. The mercury is removed, and divided in equal portions between the cat, the parrot next door, and the interior of grandpapa's forty-guinea repeater. This may cause some local disturbance, but the barometer, relieved of undue pressure, and set at "very dry," may be relied on to indicate, without further attention, permanent fair weather.

AT THE BOARD SCHOOL.—*Inspector.* Now, can any of you children state what is likely to be the future of China?

One Maiden (*after a pause*). Please sir, father says that China's like him.

Inspector. Like him! What do you mean?

The Maiden. Sure to be broken by the force of circumstances.

[*Class dismissed immediately.*

AN INNOCENT HINT

Auntie. "What is Nellie's nose for?"
Nellie (*doubtfully*). "To smell with."
Auntie. "And what is Nellie's mouth for?"
Nellie (*cautiously*). "To eat with."
Auntie. "And what are Nellie's ears for?"
Nellie (*confidently*). "Ear-rings."

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE !—*Miss Tomboy.* Mamma, I think those French women were beastly rude.

Mother. You mustn't speak like that of those ladies, it's very wrong. And how often have I told you not to say "beastly"?

Miss Tomboy. Well, they *were* rude. They called me a little cabbage (*mon petit chou*). The next time they do that I shall call them old French beans.

SOLILOQUY.—"I should like that engine. Can't afford it myself. They won't buy it for me at home—too soon after Christmas. Must go in and ask the girl to put it aside for me till next time I have the croup or something; then mother 'll buy it me!

"TOO CLEVER BY HALF"

TOMMY and Johnnie were boys at school,
Tommy was clever, but Johnnie a fool;
Tommy at lessons was sharp and bright,
Johnnie could never do anything right.
Genius often is known to fail;
Tommy turned forger, and went to jail.
Johnnie, though slow as he well could be,
Plodded away and became M.P.

"Conservation of Tissue."—*Uncle.* "Well, Tommy, you see I'm back; are you ready? What have I to pay for, miss?" *Miss.* "Three buns, four sponge cakes, two sandwiches, one jelly, five tarts, and——" *Uncle.* "Good gracious, boy! Are you not ill?" *Tommy.* "No, uncle; but I'm thirsty."

Benevolent Old Gentleman. "Now then, little boy. What do you mean by bullying that little girl? Don't you know it's very cruel?"

Rude Little Boy. "Garn! wot's the trouble? *She's my sweetheart!*"

Grandpapa. "Well little lady, will you give me a lock of that pretty hair of yours?" *Marjory.* "Yes, granpa'; but"—*hesitating*)—"I don't fink *one* lock would be enough, would it?"

"DADDY'S WAISTCOAT"
(Sketched from Life in Drury Lane.)

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.—*Mother.* Oh, Dicky, what terrible things you do keep in your pockets! Fancy, a dead crab!

Dicky. Well, mother, it wasn't dead when I put it there!

HAPPY THOUGHT.—"Why, my boy, you've spelt window without an *N!* Don't you know the difference between a *window* and a *widow?*"

"Yes, sir. You can see through *one*—and—and—you can't see through the *other*, sir!"

THE YOUNG IDEA AGAIN.—(SCENE—*Fourth-standard room of an elementary school. Children reading. Inspector* (*to the Teacher*). What are they reading about?

Teacher. American Indians.

Inspector. I will ask them a few questions. (*To children.*) What is a Red Indian's wife called? (*Many hands up*). Tell me.

Scholar. A squaw, sir.

Inspector. What is a Red Indian's baby called? (*Silence. At last a boy volunteers.*) Well, my boy?

Boy. Please, sir, a squaker!

A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON

Mamma. "Why, my dearest Albert, what are you crying for?—so good, too, as you have been all day!"

Spoiled Little Boy. "Boo-hoo! I've eaten so—m-much be-eef and t-turkey, that I can't eat any p-p-plum p-p-pudding!"

[*Oh, what a very greedy little fellow!*

A MODERN PARIS.—*Schoolmaster.* Now, boys, supposing that the goddesses Diana, Venus, and Juno were to appear before you, what would you do with this apple?

Brown Minimus. Please sir, I'd eat it before they asked for it?

A POINT UNSETTLED IN HISTORY.—*Lucy* (*to her elder sister who has just been relating a thrilling episode in the life of William Tell*). And was the little boy allowed to *eat* the apple afterwards?

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.—(*Household ginger beer.*)—Empty the kitchen spice-box, two pounds of washing soda, a pint of petroleum, and all the wine left in the dining-room decanters over night, into the cistern, and stir freely in the dark with a mop from the staircase window. When the water comes in in the morning, the whole household will be supplied from every tap for four-and-twenty hours with capital ginger beer.

IN DISTRESS.—Mummy! Mummy! Come back! I'm frightened. Here's a horrid dog *staring at me with his teeth.*

Child (in berth of night steamer). "Mummy, I'm so sleepy. I want to go to bed." *Mother.* "But you *are* in bed dear." *Child.* "No, I'm not. I'm in a chest of drawers!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—(*This is the second time that Madge has pricked her finger—the first time it bled so much that mamma felt quite faint, and had to drink a glass of sherry; now it's Jack's turn*). *Mamma.* "Well, what's the matter with *you*, Jack?" *Jack.* "Oh! I feel rather *faint*, that's all. *Is there such a thing as a bun in the house?*"

THE FESTIVE SEASON.—*Tommy (criticising the menu of the coming feast).* "Very good! Tray bong! And look here, old man! Mind you put plenty of rum into the *baba*—Dolly and Molly like it, you know—and so do I!" *Monsieur Cordonbleu (retained for the occasion).* "Certainement, mon p'tit ami? But are you and ces demoiselles going to dine viz de compagnie?" *Tommy.* "Oh nong! But just ain't we going to sit on the stairs outside, that's all!"

AT THE ZOO.—*Little Girl* (*after seeing many queer beasts*). "But there aren't *really* such animals, nurse, are there?"

AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.—*Uncle George.* "Don't over-eat yourself, Jimmy, my boy. I never did when I was your age." *Jimmy (sotto voce).* "When did you begin, then?"

AN EARLY PURITAN

Bobby (who sees his mamma in evening dress for the first time, and doesn't like it). "I'll write and tell papa!"

Gertie. "Oh, Mr. Brown, papa says that Mrs. Brown leads you by the nose. Is that why it's so long?"

AT A CHRISTMAS JUVENILE PARTY.—*Aunt Florence.* "I will find you a partner, Ethel, dear. Between ourselves, now, have you any choice?" *Miss Ethel.* "Well, auntie, I should prefer one with a *moustache!*"

A CRY FROM THE HEART.—*Little Dunce (looking up suddenly from her history book)* "Oh, mummy, darling, I *do* so wish I'd lived under James the Second!" *Mamma.* "Why?" *Little Dunce.* "Because I see here that education was very much neglected in his reign!"

A Big Pill.—"What is it, my pet?" "Oh, mum—mummy—I dreamt I'd sw-swallowed myself. Have I?"

Hostess. "What would you like to eat, Effie?" *Effie.* "Cake." *Mother* (*reprovingly*). "Effie! Effie! What is the word you've forgotten? Pl——" *Effie.* "Pl—um!"

OVERHEARD AT THE ZOO.—(*A fact.*)—*Small child* (*pointing to the hippopotamus*). Oh, mother, look at that big frog going to have a bath!

Better-informed parent. That isn't a frog, yer silly. It's a crocydile!

INFANT AGONIES.—*Small boy.* Auntie! Auntie! Has goosegogs got legs?

Auntie. No!

Small boy. Boo-hoo-hoo! then I've been and swollered—a beastie!

INADEQUATE HOSPITALITY.—"Well, Guy, did you enjoy the party?

"Yes, mummy; but I'm *so* hungry. There was only a *now and then* tea, you know; with no chairs, and no grace!"

NATURE'S LOGIC.—*Papa.* How is it, Alice, that *you* never get a prize at school?

Mamma. And that your friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so many?

Alice (*innocently*). Ah! Louisa Sharp has got such clever parents!

"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," &C.—Scene—*A Christmas family gathering at a country house. Old Bachelor Guest (violently awakened out of his morning snooze.)* "Who'sh there?" *The Grandchildren (shouting in chorus, and banging at his door).* "Oh, Mr. Bulkley—please—Mr. Bulkley—do get up—and go on the pond—'pa says—'cause—gran'ma says—we may—if it'll bear you—it'll bear us!"

SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY

Ada. "What horrid things *black-beetles* are, Miss Grimm! The kitchen is full of them!"

The Governess. "I agree with you, Ada! But as they are not *beetles*, and not *black*, perhaps you will call them *cock-roaches* for the future!"

Ada. "Certainly, Miss Grimm; although they are not *roaches*, and not *cocks!*"

A CONSCIENTIOUS CHILD.—"Is your cold better this morning, darling?"

"I don't know. I forgot to ask nursey!"

Tommy. *I* can strike a match on *my* trousers, like Uncle Bob. Can *you*, auntie?

Mother. "You must put your dolls away to-day. It's Sunday."

Little Girl. "Oh, but, mother, that's all right. We're playing at Sunday school!"

CONFUSED ASSOCIATIONS.—"And where did these Druids live, Tommy?"

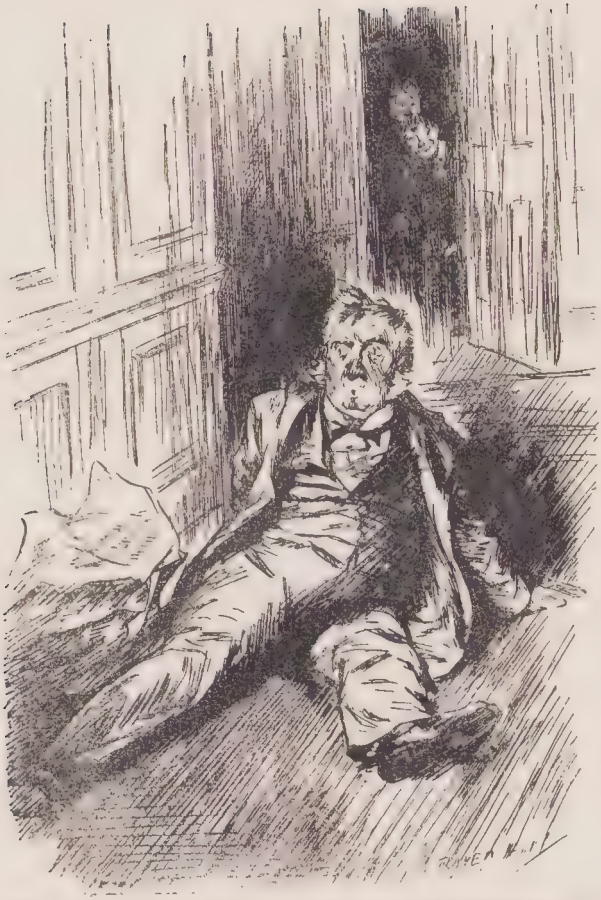
"They lived in groves of oak."

"And in what particular ceremony were they engaged once a year?"

"Er—let me see—Oh! in kissing under the mistletoe!"

Grandmamma. "And how did it happen, dear?"
Master Tom. "It didn't happen. Ma did it on purpose!"

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.—(*To cure a smoky chimney.*) Get out on to the roof of the house with a good-sized feather bolster and eighteen-pennyworth of putty. Insert the bolster longways into the chimney, taking care to plaster it all round tightly with the putty. Now sit on it. The chimney will no longer smoke.



And it was only yesterday that grandpapa was complaining to his little grandsons that he never got real winters like he used to have, with plenty of skating and sliding. (N.B.—Butter-slides are very effective.)

THE EVIDENCE OF THE SENSES.—*Mamma.* How *dare* you slap your sister, George?

George. She kicked me when my back was turned, and hurted me very much, I can tell you!

Mamma. Where did she hurt you?

George. Well, I can't azactly say *where*, because—because my back was turned, and I was looking another way!

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.—*Son and heir (whose inquiring turn of mind is occasionally a nuisance).* Say, 'pa, what's a v'cab'lary?

Father. A vocabulary, my boy—what d'you want to know that for?

Son. 'Cause I heard 'ma say she'd no idea what a tremenjous v'cab'lary you'd got, till you missed the train on Saturday!

AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—*Teacher.* Now, Mary Brown, you understand what is meant by baptism?

Mary Brown. Oh, *I* know, teacher! It's what Dr. Franklin did on baby's arm last Toosday!

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS DREAM.—Mr. L. Figuier, in the thesis which precedes his interesting work on the world before the flood, condemns the practice of awakening the youthful mind to admiration by means of fables and fairy tales, and recommends, in lieu thereof, the study of the natural history of the world in which we live. Fired by this advice, we have tried the experiment on our eldest, an imaginative boy of six. We have cut off his "Cinderella" and his "Puss in Boots," and introduced him to some of the more peaceful fauna of the Preadamite world, as they appear restored in Mr. Figuier's book. The poor boy has not had a decent night's rest ever since!

YOUNG, BUT PRACTICAL.—"What! Harry! not in bed yet, and it's nine o'clock! What will *papa* say when he comes home?"

"Oh, papa! *He'll* say, 'Supper! supper! What's for supper?'"

A REALIST IN FICTION.—"I saw a rabbit run through that hedge!"

"No, dear. It was imagination!"

"Are 'maginations white behind?"

IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.—*The new Governess.* What are the comparative and superlative of *bad*, Berty?

Berty (*the Doctor's son*). Bad—worse—dead

A CAPITAL CHOICE.—*Cousin Amy.* So you haven't made up your mind yet what *profession* you're going to be when you grow up, Bobby.

Bobby. Well, yes! I don't exactly know what it's called, you know, but it's living in the country, and keeping lots of horses and dogs, and all that!

[*Bobby's papa is a curate, with £200 a year.*

EARLY INGENUITY.

"Whatever *are* you children doing?"

"Oh, we've found pa's false teeth, and we're trying to fit them on to the baby, 'cos he hasn't got any!"

THE SICK CHILD

BY THE HONOURABLE WILHELMINA SKEGGS

A WEAKNESS seizes on my mind—I would more pudding take;
But all in vain—I feel—I feel—my little head will ache.
Oh! that I might alone be left, to rest where now I am,
And finish with a piece of bread that pot of currant-jam.
I gaze upon the cake with tears, and wildly I deplore
That I must take a powder if I touch a morsel more,
Or oil of castor, smoothly bland, will offer'd be to me,
In wave pellucid, floating on a cup of milkless tea.
It may be so—I cannot tell—I yet may do without;
They need not know, when left alone, what I have been about.
I long to cut that potted beef—to taste that apple-pie;
I long—I long to eat some more, but have not strength to try.
I gasp for breath, and now I know I've eaten far too much;
Not one more crumb of all the feast before me can I touch!
Susan, oh! Susan ring the bell, and call for mother, dear.
My brain swims round—I feel it all—mother, your child is queer!

Alix (*aged five, to parent who has been trying to inspire her with loyal sentiments*). And was the Queen weally named after me?

A TOOTHSOME MORSEL.—*Distracted Nurse.* "Gracious, children, what *are* you doing?" *Children* "Oh, we've put the meat cover on grandpa's head to keep the flies off him!"

"Drat the boy! What have you got that string tied on that fowl's leg for?" "'Tain't our fowl, muvver!"

Snooks (who fancies himself very much). "What's she crying for?" *Arabella.* "It's all right, sir. She was frightened. When she saw *you* she thought it was a *man!*"

BLASÉ

Kitty (*reading a fairy tale*). "'Once upon a time there was a frog——'"

Mabel (*interrupting*). "I bet it's a princess! Go on!"

PHYSICS.—"Now, George, before you go and play, are you quite sure you know the lesson Professor Borax gave you to learn?"

"O, yes, mamma!"

"Well, now, what causes heat without light?"

"Pickles!"

Mother. Well, Dorothy, would you like your egg poached or boiled?

Dorothy (after weighing the question). Which is the most, mother?

THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION

Small Boy. "Look 'ere, Mawrd! I reckon the chap as keeps this shop ain't bin to school lately; 'e spells *''all'* with a *haitch!*"

'GETTING ON"

"Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?"

"First-rate. I ain't doing so well as some of the other boys, though I can stand on my head; but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without the wall at all!"

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.—*Lady (entertaining friend's little girl).* "Do you take sugar, darling?" *The Darling.* "Yes, please." *Lady.* "How many lumps?" *The Darling.* "Oh, about seven; and when I'm out to tea I start with cake."

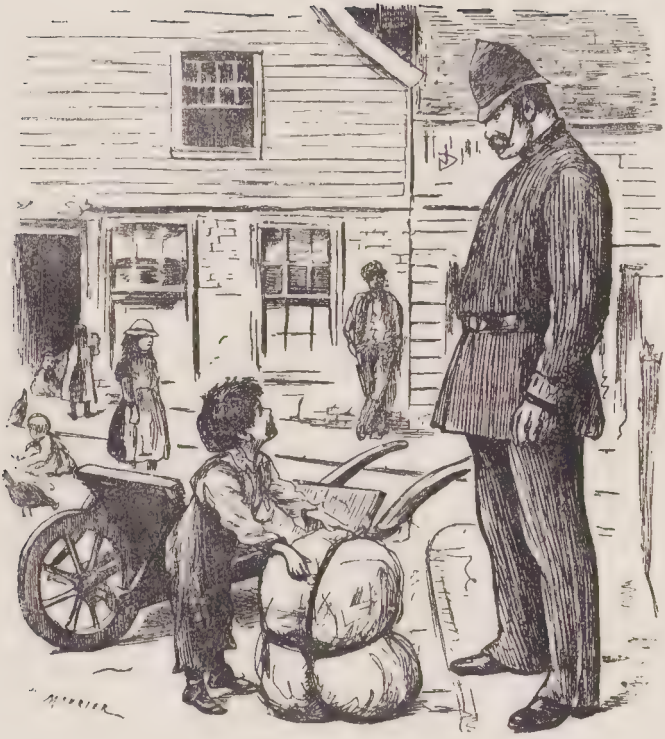
Tommy. "I say, Elsie, if you like, I'll come and see you every day while you are ill."

"A Soft Answer," &c.—*Mamma.* You are very naughty children, and I am extremely dissatisfied with you all!

Tommy. That *is* a pity, mamma! We're all so thoroughly satisfied with *you*, you know!

Comprehensive.—*Preceptor.* Now, can any of you tell me anything remarkable in the life of Moses?

Boy. Yes, sir. He was the only man who broke all the commandments at once!



A BARGAIN

"I say, Bobby, just give us a shove with this 'ere parcel on to this 'ere truck, and next time yer runs me in, *I'll go quiet!*"

LITTLE MISS LOGIC.—*Little Dot* (*to Eminent Professor of Chemistry*). Are you a chemist?

Eminent Professor. Yes, my dear.

L. D. Have you got a shop with lovely large coloured bottles in the window?

E. P. No, my dear; I don't keep a shop.

L. D. Don't you? Then I suppose you don't sell Jones's Jubilee Cough Jujubes?

E. P. No, my dear, I certainly do not.

L. D. (*decidedly*). I don't think I ought to talk to you any more. You can't be a respectable chemist.

E. P. Why not, my dear?

L. D. 'Cos it says on the box, "Sold by all *respectable* chemists."

AT THE SCHOOL TREAT.—*Lady Helper* (*to Small Boy*). Will you have some more bread-and-butter?

Small Boy. No fear, when there's kike about.

Lady Helper (*trying to be kind*). Cake, certainly! Will you have plum or seed?

Small Boy. Plum, in course. D'ye tike me for a canary?

A QUESTION OF HEREDITY

Hal. "Is there anything the matter with this egg, Martha?"
Martha. "Oh no, it's only a little cracked."
Hal. "Oh! Then would the chicken that came out of it be a little mad?"

NATURAL HISTORY.—"Oh, *look*, mummie! Now it's left off raining, he's come out of his kennel!"

SENSIBLE CHILD.—"Well, Jacky, and did you hang up your stocking for Santa Claus to fill?" "No. I hanged up muvver's!"

"Look what I've bought you for a Christmas box!"

HAD HIM THERE.—*Uncle Jim.* Here's half a mince pie for you, Tommy. I need hardly remind a person of your classical culture that "*the half is greater than the whole!*"

Tommy. Quite so, uncle. But, as I'm not very hungry, I'll only take a whole one.

AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.—*The Major.* You're a very nice fellow, Tommy! Don't most people tell you so?

Tommy. Yes, they does. And they often gives me something!

LOST; OR, LUCID INFORMATION

Kind-hearted Old Gent. "There, there, don't cry! What's your name and where do you live!"

Chorus. "Boohoo! We'se Doolie's twins"

"Sancta Simplicitas."—"Auntie, ought Bertie Wilson to have *smiled* so often at me in church?" "No, dear. Where was he sitting?" "Behind me."

Philanthropic Old Lady (to little boy caressing dog). "That is right, little boy, always be kind to animals."

Little Boy. "Yes, 'm. I'll have this tin can tied to his tail soon's I've got him quiet."

"Poor likkle doggie—hasn't got any fevvers on!"

Master Tom. "Wish I could catch a cold just before Christmas."

Effie. "Why?"

Master Tom. "Well, ma's always sayin', 'feed a cold.' Wouldn't I? *Just!*"

"*Please*, auntie, *may* I have the fairy off the Christmas tree—
if I don't ask you for it?"

Shocked Mother. "Oh, Tommy! What have you been doing?" *Tommy (who has just returned from the first day of a preliminary course at the village school).* "Fighting with Billy Brown." *Mother.* "That horrid boy at the farm? Don't you *ever* quarrel with him again!" *Tommy.* "I ain't likely to. He can *lick* me!"

RUDIMENTS OF ECONOMY

"May I *leave* this piece of bread, nurse?"

"Certainly not, Miss May. It's dreadful wasteful! and the day may come when you'll *want* a piece of bread!"

"Then I'd better *keep* this piece of bread till I *do* want it, nurse. Hadn't I?"

BLUE FEVER.—*Visitor (after a long discourse on the virtues of temperance).* "I'm glad to see a little boy here wearing the blue ribbon. That's a good little fellow. Persevere in your good——" *Billie Groggins.* "Please, sir, I'm *Hoxford!*"

"Oh! just ain't people proud what have got pairasoles."

A Discussion on Diet.—*Little Chris* (*to little Kate.*) Does your governess get ill on mince pies?

Little Kate. I don't know! Why?

Little Chris. 'Cause mine does. At dinner to-day she said, "If you eat any more of that pastry, I know you'll be ill." So she *must* have been so herself.

[*Conference broken up by arrival of the lady in question.*

WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (*loq.*). "I tell yer its 'ed's here!—I seen it move!"

Second Do "I say it's at this end, yer stoopid!—I can see 'is ears!"

Dolly. "Auntie, that's what I've done for the cow-drawing competition at school." *Auntie.* "But it is more like a horse than a cow." *Dolly* "It *is* a horse. But, please, don't tell teacher!"

"THE GENTLE CRAFT"

Preceptor (*after a lecture*). "Now, what are the principal things that are obtained from the earth?"

Pupil (*and "disciple of Izaak Walton"*). "Worms, sir!"

[*Loses fifty marks!*

A CONFESSION.—*Day Governess.* "How is it your French exercises are always done so much better than your Latin ones?" *Tommy (after considering awhile).* "I don't think auntie knows Latin."

[*Auntie, who was about to enter, quickly and quietly retires.*

"What are you doing in that cupboard, Cyril?"
"Hush, auntie! I'm pretending to be a thief!"

RETALIATION

"Tut, tut, my boy! You must not beat that little dog so. Has he bitten you?" "No, 'e ain't. But 'e's bin an' swallered my fardin!"

A REMINISCENCE OF LENT

"And did you both practise a little self-denial, and agree to give up something you were fond of?—*sugar*, for instance, as I suggested?"

"Well, yes, auntie! Only it wasn't exactly *sugar*, you know! It was *soap* we agreed to give up!"

SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION

Ethel (to Jack, who has been put into the corner by the new governess). "I'm so sorry for you, Jack!"

Jack. "Bosh! who cares! This ain't a *real* corner, you know!"

A CANDID INQUIRER

"I say, John, is there anything I haven't tasted?"
"No, sir, I think not—except water!"

Eva. "Mother says I am descended from Mary Queen o' Scots." *Tom.* "So am I then, Eva." *Eva.* "Don't be so silly, Tom! You can't be. You're a boy!"

Old Gent. "Is it a *board school* you go to, my dear?"
Child. "No, sir. I believe it be a *brick* one!"

Kitty. "Is your wound sore, Mr. Pup?" *Mr. Pup.* "Wound! What wound?" *Kitty.* "Why, sister said she cut you at the dinner last night!"

Little Boy. "How many steps can you jump, grandma? I can jump *four!*"

INDUCTION

"Is this the *new* baby, daddy?"—"Yes, dear."
"Why, he's got no teeth!"—"No, dear."
"And he's got no hair!"—"No, dear."
"Oh, daddy, it *must* be an *old* baby!"

"It's an ill wind blows nobody good."

Horrified little girl (*seeing her mamma in evening dress for the first time*). Oh, mummy, you're *never* going down like that! You've forgotten to put on your top part!

"Hi, silly! Come 'ere out of the rine!"

ENGLISH HISTORY.—"And who was the king who had so many wives?"

"Bluebeard!"

HER FIRST WASP

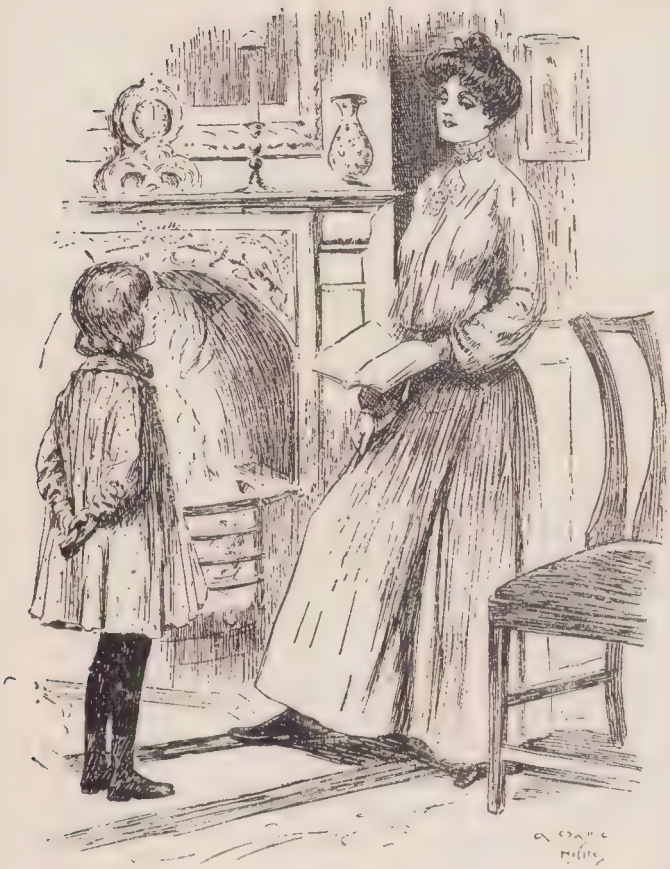
Poor Effie (*who has been stung*). "First it walked about all over my hand, and it *was* so nice! But oh!—*when it sat down!*"

VERY NATURAL.—"Vell, and vat to you sink tit happen to me at Matame Tussaud's de oder tay? A laty dook me for vun of de vax vickers, and agdually abbollochised vor her misdake!"

"O what fun, Mr. Schmitz! And was it in the Chamber of Horrors?"

TRUE DISTINCTION.—*Mamma (improving the occasion).* "I like your new suit immensely, Gerald! But you must recollect that it's not the *coat* that makes the gentleman!" *Gerald.* "No, mamma! I know it's the *hat!*"

Little Montague. "I was awake when Santa Claus came, dad!" *Father.* "Were you? And what was he like, eh?" *Little Montague.* "Oh, I couldn't see him—it was dark, you know. But when he bumped himself on the washstand he said——" *Father* (*hastily*). "There, that'll do, Monty. Run away and play!"



A Rara Avis.—*Little Girl* (*finishing her description of the Battle of Cressy*). "And ever since then the Prince of Wales has been born with feathers!"

A HEAD FOR BUSINESS.—*Mamma.* "I meant to give you a threepenny bit this morning, Bobby, but in my hurry I think I gave you sixpence, so——" *Bobby.* "Yes, mummy, but I haven't spent it all yet. So will you give it me to-morrow?" *Mamma.* "Give you what, dear?" *Bobby.* "The threepenny bit you *meant* to give me to-day!"

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD

"Why did that policeman touch his hat to you, aunty? Have you got one as well as nurse?"

BEFORE THE HEAD

Fourth Form Boy (with recollections of a recent visit to the dentist). "Please, sir, may I—may I—have gas?"

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—"Mamma, *isn't* it very wicked to do behind one's back what one wouldn't do before one's face?"

"Certainly, Effie!"

"Well, baby bit my finge when I was looking another way!"

"By Authority." *Street Boy* (*sternly*). "P'lice-Serge'nt says as you're t' have your door-way swep' immediat'; an' (*more meekly*) me an' my mate's willin' to do it, s'l"

Old Gentleman (who has received a present of butter from one of his tenants). "And how does your mother make all these beautiful patterns on the pats, my dear?" *Messenger.* "*Wiv our comb, sir!*"

A FATAL OBJECTION

"Mother, are the Wondergilts very rich?" "Yes, Silvia, very."
"Mother, I hope we shall never be rich?" "Why, darling?"
"It must be so very expensive!"

Lady. "Have you lost yourself, little boy?"
Little Boy. "No—boo-hoo—I've found a street I don't know!"

"ENFANT TERRIBLE"

"I've brought you a glass of wine, Mr. Professor. *Please* drink it!"

"Vat! Pefore tinner? Ach, vy?"

"Because mummy says you drink like a fish, and I want to see you——!"

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION

"Come and 'ave a look, Marier. They've been and put a chick on a lidy's 'at, and they don't know 'ow to spell it!"

"WELL OUT OF IT"

Uncle. "And you love your enemies, Ethel?"
Ethel (*promptly*). "Yeth, uncle."
Uncle. "And who are your enemies, dear?"
Ethel (*in an awful whisper*). "The dev——"

[*The old gentleman doesn't see his way further, and drops the subject.*

OUR CHILDREN

Nurse. "You dreadful children! Where *have* you been?"
Young Hopeful. "Oh, nursie, we've been trying to drown those dear little ducks, but they *will* come to the top!"

Auntie. "Do you know you are playing with two very naughty little boys, Johnny?" *Johnny.* "Yes." *Auntie.* "You do! I'm surprised. Why don't you play with good little boys?" *Johnny.* "Because their mothers won't let them!"

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK

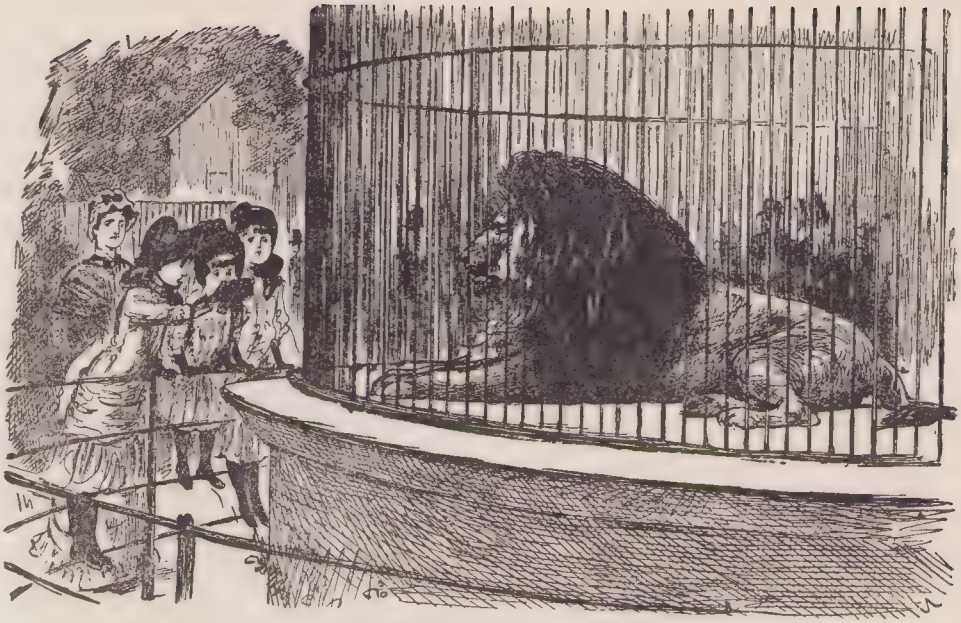
Gwendoline. "Uncle George says every woman ought to have a profession, and I think he's quite right!"
Mamma. "Indeed! And what profession do you mean to choose?"
Gwendoline. "I mean to be a professional beauty!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.—*Master George (whispers).* "I say! Kitty! Has mamma been telling you she'd give you '*a lovely spoonful of delicious currant jelly, O so nice, so VERY nice*'" *Miss Kitty.* "Ess Cullen' jelly! O so ni', so welly ni'!" *Master George.* "THEN DON'T TAKE IT!!"

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS." &c.—*Elder of Twins.* "It's *very* vulgar to say 'you be *blowed*' to each other, like those men do. Isn't it, Uncle Fred?" *Uncle Fred.* "I believe it *is* generally considered so, my dear!" *Elder o' Twins.* "Yes, indeed! Ethel and I, you know, *we* always say, 'you be *blown!*'"

MENS CONSCIA.—*Inspector (who notices a backwardness in history).* "Who signed Magna Charta?" (*No answer.*) *Inspector (more urgently).* "Who signed Magna Charta?" (*No answer.*) *Inspector (angrily).* "Who signed Magna Charta?" *Scapegrace (thinking matters are beginning to look serious).* "Please, sir, 'twasn't me, sir!!"

"TROP DE ZELE!"—(*Tommy, a consci ntious boy, has been told that he must remain perfectly still, as his mamma wants to take a nap.*) *Tommy in the middle of the nap*), "Mamma! Mamma! what shall I do? *I want to cough!*"



TENDER CONSIDERATION

"Oh, *don't* make faces at him, Effie! It might *frighten* him, you know!"

"BY PROXY"

Humorous Little Boy. "Plea' sir, will you ring the bottom bell but one, four times, sir?"

Old Gent (*gouty, and a little deaf, but so fond o' children*). "Bottom bell but one, four times, my boy?" (*Effusively.*) "Certainly, that I will!" [*In the meantime off go the boys, and, at the third peal, the irritable old lady on the ground floor—— Tableau!*

NEWS FROM HOME.—*Aunt Mary.* "I've just had a letter from your papa, Geoffrey. He says you've got a little brother, who'll be a nice companion for you some day!" *Geoffrey.* "Oh!——does mummy know?"

UTILE CUM DULCI

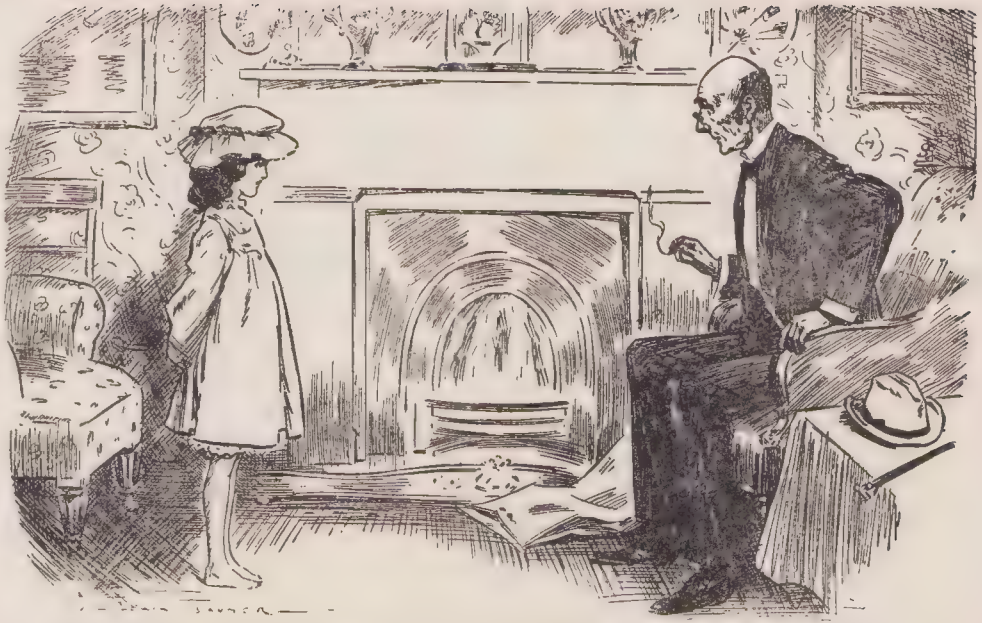
Arry. "Ain't yer comin' along with me, Bill?"
Piscator (the Doctor's Boy). "No, I *ain't* a comin' along with you, I tell yer! I m a runnin' on a errand

ZOOLOGY. (*It appears to be coming to that at the Board Schools.*)—*Examiner* (*to small aspirant to the twenty-fourth standard*). "Can you tell me anything peculiar about the cuckoo, in regard to nesting? *Student.* "Yes, sir. Please, sir, he don't lay his own eggs hisself, sir!!"

THEIR FIRST VISIT TO THE ZOO

Tommy. "Them ain't donkeys, Billy?"
Billy. "Yus, they is! They're donkeys with their football jerseys on!"

A SPOILT STORY.—*Brown (in the middle of tall shooting story).* "Hardly had I taken aim at the lion on my right, when I heard a rustle in the jungle grass, and perceived an enormous tiger approaching on my left. I now found myself on the horns of a dilemma!" *Interested Little Boy.* "Oh, and which did you shoot first—the lion, or the tiger, or the d'lemma?"



Uncle (about to start for a concert at Marine Pavilion). "But, my dear Nora, you don't surely propose to go without your shoes and stockings?" *Nora.* "I'm in evening dress, uncle—only it's the other end."

THE TERTIUM QUID.—"Do you know, Mabel, I believe if I weren't here, Captain Spooner would kiss you." "Leave the room this instant, you impertinent little boy!"

A CLINCHER.—"Get up, and see the time, Eva. I don't know how to tell it." "No more do I." "O, you horrid story-teller, I taught you myself!"

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

"What! *all* that for grandpa" "No, darling. It's for you." "Oh! what a little bit!"

BRUSHING PA'S NEW HAT

Edith. "Now, Tommy, you keep turning slowly, till we've done it all round."

Mother. "But, Jacky, I don't think a clock-work engine would be a good toy for you to give baby. He's such a little thing, he'd only break it." *Jacky.* "Oh, but, mother, I'd *promise* you I'd never let him even *touch* it!"

THE FESTIVE SEASON

Precocious Infant. "Help yourself, and pass the bottle!"

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.—*Maud (with much sympathy in her voice).* "Only fancy, mamma, Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond Street, and there we saw a picture of a lot of early christians, poor dears, who'd been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers, who were devouring them!" *Ethel (with still more sympathy).* "Yes, and mamma dear, there was *one* poor tiger that *hadn't got* a christian!"

Mother (to son, who has been growing rather free of speech). "Tommy, if you promise not to say 'hang it!' again, I'll give you sixpence." *Tommy.* "All right, ma. But I know another word that's worth half-a-crown!"

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Governess. 'Well, Marjorie, have you done crying?" *Marjorie.* "No—I haven't. I'm only *resting!*"

A WISE CHILD.—*Inspector.* "Suppose I lent your father £100 in June, and he promised to pay me back £10 on the first of every month, how much would he owe me at the end of the year? Now think well before you answer." *Pupil.* "£100, sir." *Inspector.* "You're a very ignorant little girl. You don't know the most elementary rules of arithmetic!" *Pupil.* "Ah, sir, but you don't know father!"

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—*Miss Fitzogre.* "Well, good-bye, Percival, and be a good boy!" *Percival (a very good boy, who has just been specially warned not to make personal remarks about people in their presence).* "Good-bye, I'll not tell nurse what I think of your nose till you're gone!"

Porter. "Why is the little girl crying, missie?"
Little Girl. "'Cos' she has put her penny in there, and no choc'late nor nuffing's come'd out!"

NOT UNLIKELY

"Well, well! And was baby frightened of his daddy den!"

Dorothy (*who has found a broken nest-egg*). "Oh, mummy, what a pity! My black hen will never be able to lay any more eggs. She's broken the pattern!"

WASTED SYMPATHY

Kind-hearted Lady. "Poor child! What a dreadfully swollen cheek you have! Is it a tooth?"

Poor Child (with difficulty). "No 'm—it's a sweet!"

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

"I'll tell you something, Miss Bullion. My sister Maud's going to marry your brother Dick. But don't say anything about it, 'cos he doesn't know it himself yet!"

Softly. "Yes, I was b-b-orn with a s-s-s-ilver s-s-poon in my m-m-m-outh."

Kitty. "Oh, Mr. Softly, is that why you stutter?"

WELL UP IN HER MYTHOLOGY.—*Tommy.* "Madge, what's '*necessitas*,' masculine or feminine?" *Madge.* "Why, feminine, of course." *Tommy.* "Why?" *Madge.* "Why, she was the mother of invention."

WHAT TOMMY OVERHEARD

Mrs. Jinks. "That's Signor Scrapeski just passed. He plays the violin like an angel."

Tommy. "Mummy, dear, do the angels say 'dam' when a string breaks?"

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Mamma. "Who was the first man, 'Lina?"

'Lina. "I forget."

Mamma. "Already? Why, Adam, to be sure! And who was the first woman?"

'Lina (after a thoughtful pause). "Madam!"

SHEER IGNORANCE

Benevolent Person. "Come, my little man, you musn't cry like that!"
Boy. "Garn! 'Ow am I to cry then?"

"I say, Billie, teacher says as if we 'angs our stockings up on C'ris'mas Eve, Santa Claus 'll fill 'em with presents!"

"It'll take 'im all 'is time to fill *mine*. I 'aven't got no foots in 'em!"

On his Dignity.—*Sam.* "Mamma bought me a pair of gloves yesterday." *Auntie.* "Really! What are they? Kids?" *Sam.* "No, they're men's."

Sharp (*but vulgar*) *little boy*. "Hallo, missus, wot are those?"

Old Woman. "Twopence."

Boy. "What a lie! They're apples."

[*Exit, whistling popular air.*

A Difficult Case.—*Mamma*. You're a very naughty boy, Tommy, and I shall have to buy a whip, and give you a good whipping. *Now* will you be good?

Tommy (*with hesitation*). Shall I be allowed to keep the whip after, mammy?

Old Gent. "Do you know what a lie is, sir?"
Little Boy. "Oh, don't I, jest; I tells lots of 'em."

Old Lady. "No, thanks. I don't want any for the garden to-day." *Boy.* "Well, then, can we sing yer some Christmas carols instead?'

OVERHEARD IN BOND STREET

"Which of 'em would yer 'ave for a muvver, Billy?

EXPERIENTIA DOCET

"And are *you* going to give me something for my birthday, aunty Maud?"

"Of course, darling."

"Then *don't* let it be *something useful!*"

Mamma. "You mustn't bowl your hoop in the front on Sunday. You must go into the back garden."

Tommy. "Isn't it Sunday in the back garden, mamma?"

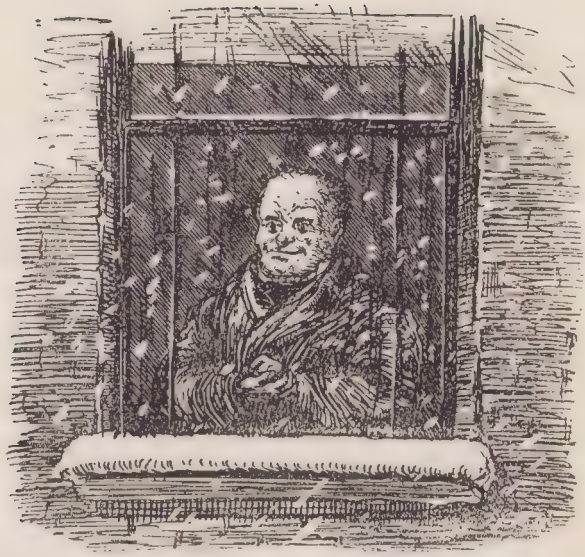
A PROTEST

"And pray, am I *never* to be naughty, Miss Grimm?"

A NEW TEST

Aunt (*in alarm*). "*Surely* you've eaten enough, haven't you, Tommy?"

Tommy (*in doubt*). "F-f-f-feel me!"



Bilious Old Uncle. "I'm delighted to see this fall; it will give that dreadful boy chilblains, and he'll be laid up out of mischief."

SUNDAY SCHOOLING.—*Teacher.* What does one mean by "Heaping coals of fire on someone's head" now, Harry Hawkins?

Harry Hawkins. Givin' it 'im 'ot, teacher!

Auntie. Do you love the chickens, dear?

Dolly. Yes, Auntie. But I do wish this big one hadn't such a funny laugh!

Occupation of "that dreadful boy" at the same period.

CHRONOLOGY.—*Old Gentleman* (*"putting a few questions"*). Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?

Small Scholar (*"like a shot"*). Please, sir, th'worn't no commandments then, sir!

[*Questioner sits corrected.*

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY

During Tea

Yes, *isn't* it a pretty sight. . . . Oh, they're *much* too busy to talk at present. . . . Well, if you *would* take this cup of tea to my little girl, dear Mr. Muffett, it would be so—— Yes, in the white frock. . . . *Pray* don't apologise—some tea upsets *so* easily, doesn't it? . . . Oh! I don't suppose it will show, really, and if it *does*. . . . Please, will everybody keep quite quiet for a minute or two; I haven't said my grace. . . . Don't you think it's unfair of nurse? She's handed me bread-and-butter twice running! . . . I mustn't eat sponge-cake, thank you. Bath buns are better for me than anything. . . . I was *so* ill after Christmas. They took my temperament with the barometer, and it was two hundred and six! . . . Oh! that's nothing. When *I* was ill, the doctor said mine was perfectly Norman! . . . Well, you *might* lower that candleshade a *very* little,

WELL BROUGHT UP.—"Now then, my little men, didn't you see that board on that tree?" "Yes." "Well, then, can't you read?" "Yes, but we never look at anything marked 'private.'"

perhaps, Mr. Muffett. . . . Ah! don't blow it out. . . . Throw it into the fire, quick! . . . It doesn't matter in the *least*. No; I wouldn't trouble about the *other* shades, thanks. . . . Mother, will you read me the text out of my cracker? . . . But if you're going to be a soldier, you oughtn't to shut your eyes when you pull a cracker. . . . Oh! when I'm a soldier, I needn't *go* to parties.

During a Performance of Punch and Judy

A Thoughtful Child. What a dreadful thing it would be to have a papa like Punch!

A Puzzled Child. Mother, why is the man at the side so *polite* to Punch? He calls him "Sir"—is Punch *really* a gentleman?

A Good Little Girl. I do wish they would leave all the fighting out; it must set such a bad example to children.

An Appreciative Boy. Oh! I say, *did* you hear what the clown said then? He said something had frightened all the hair off his head except that little tuft at the top, and it turned *that* sky-blue!

[*He goes into fits of laughter.*

THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION.—"When are you coming out with me, mummy?" "Not this morning, darling. I've too much to do!" "Oh, but you *must*, mummy. I've already put it in my new diary that you *did!*"

A Matter-of-fact Boy. Yes, I heard—but I don't believe it *could.*

The Child of the House. I *am* so glad Tip is shut up downstairs, because I'm afraid, if he'd been up here and seen Toby act, he'd have wanted to run away and go on the stage himself, and I don't think he's the sort of dog who would ever be a *success,* you know!

DURING THE DANCING

Jack. I say, Mabel, you've got to dance the "Washington Post" with *me.*

Mabel. I can't. I've promised Teddy Thistledown.

Jack. Oh! *that's* all right. I swapped with him for a Nicaragua stamp.

Mabel (*touched*). But aren't they rare? Didn't you want it yourself?

Jack. Oh! I don't collect, you know.

George (*to Ethel*). They've given us the whole of "Ivanhoe" to mug up for a holiday task. Isn't it a beastly shame?

Ethel. But don't you like Scott?

RES ANT-IQUÆ —"Auntie dear, where do these fossil shells come from?" "Oh, my dear child, a great many years ago they were washed up here by the sea." "How long ago, auntie dear?" "Ever so long ago, dear child." "What! Even before *you* were born, auntie?"

George. Oh! I don't mind *Scott* so much. It's having to grind in the holidays that *I* bar.

Hester (*to Roland*). Shall you go to the pantomime this year?

Roland. I don't think so. I'm going to lectures at the Royal Institution instead.

Hester. That isn't as jolly as the pantomime, is it?

Roland (*impartially*). Not while it's going on, but a lot jollier after it's over.

Mr. Poffley (*a middle-aged bachelor, who "likes to make himself useful at parties," and is good-naturedly waltzing with little Miss Chillington*). Have you—er—been to many parties?

Miss Chillington (*a child of the world*). About the usual amount. There's generally a good deal going on just now, isn't there?

Mr. Poffley. A—I suppose so. I go out so little now that I've almost forgotten *how* to dance.

Miss Chillington. Then you *did* know once!

Mr. Poffley (*completely demoralised*). I—er—you would rather stop?

EXTREME MEASURES

Mother. "If I catch you chasing those hens again, I'l wash your face *every day next week!*"

Miss Chillington. Oh! I don't mind going on, if it amuses you.

[*Mr. Poffley feels that "children are not so grateful as they used to be for being noticed," and that it is almost time he gave up going to juvenile parties.*

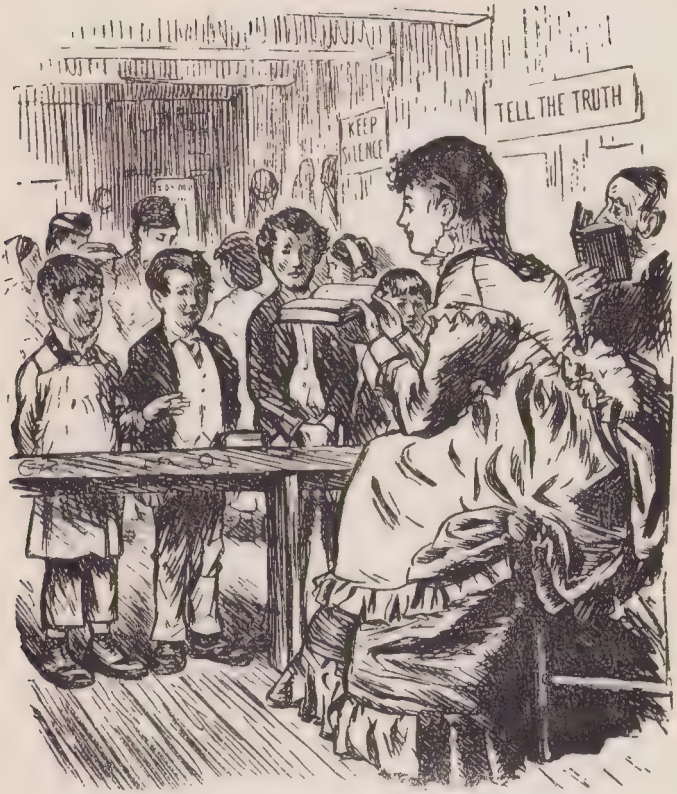
AFTER SUPPER

The Hostess (*returning to the drawing-room to find the centre of the floor occupied by a struggling heap of small boys, surrounded by admiring but mystified sisters*). Oh! dear me, what *are* they doing? I'm so afraid my two boys are being too rough, Mrs. Hornblower.

Mrs. Hornblower (*one of a row of complacent matrons*). Oh! not at all, dear Mrs. Honeybun, they're having *such* fun. Your Edwin and Arthur are only trying how many boys they can pile on the top of my Tommy.

Mrs. Honeybun. Is that Tommy underneath? Are you sure he's not getting hurt?

Mrs. Horn. Oh! he thoroughly enjoys a romp.



ON THE FACE OF IT

Pretty Teacher. "Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?"

Johnny. "Yes, teacher. Mother says if you dun't marry new parson, 'twull be a murracle!"

He's made himself perfectly hoarse with laughing. Just listen to him!

Mrs. Honey. What a sturdy little fellow he is! And always in such high spirits!

Mrs. Horn (*confidentially*). He hasn't seemed quite the thing for the last day or two, and I was doubting whether it wouldn't be better to keep him at home to-night, but he begged so hard that I really had to give way.

Mrs. Honey. So glad you did! It doesn't seem to have done him any harm.

Mrs. Horn. Quite the contrary. And indeed, he couldn't help being the better for it; you understand so thoroughly how to make children happy, dear Mrs. Honeybun.

Mrs. Honey. It's delightful of you to say so; I try my best, but one can't always—— Last year we had a conjurer, and it was only when he'd begun that we found out he was helplessly intoxicated.

Mrs. Horn. How disagreeable for you! But this time everything has been quite perfect!

THE DUET

Fond Mother (*to young hopeful, who has been sent upstairs to a room by himself as a punishment*). "You can come down now, Jacky."

Young Hopeful. "Can't. I'se singing a duet!"

Mrs. Honey. Well, I really think there has been no—— Good gracious! I'm *sure* somebody is being suffocated! *Did* you hear that?

[*From the core of the heap proceeds a sound at which every mother's heart quakes—a smothered cough ending in a long-drawn and ominous "oo-ook.'*

Mrs. Horn. Depend upon it, that's whooping-cough! Tommy, come here this minute. (*Tommy emerges, crimson and crowing lustily; the mothers collect their offspring in dismay*). Oh! Tommy, Tommy, don't tell me it's *you!* It—it can't be *that*, dear Mrs. Honeybun; he's been nowhere where he could possibly—— You naughty boy, you *know* you are only pretending. Don't let me hear that horrid noise again.

Tommy (*injured*). But, mummy, *really* I wasn't——

[*He justifies himself by producing a series of whoops with an unmistakably genuine ring.*

Mrs. Horn. I think it's only a rather severe attack of hiccoughs, dear Mrs. Honeybun; but

UNCLE'S BANK HOLIDAY

"Oh, uncle, we're so glad we've met you. We want you to take us on the roundabout, and stay on it till tea-time!"

still, perhaps—just to be on the safe side—I'd better——

[*She departs in confusion, the crowd on the stairs dividing like Red Sea waves as Tommy proclaims his approach.*

Mrs. Honey (*after the last guest has gone*). I knew *something* would happen! I must say it was *most* inconsiderate of Mrs. Hornblower to bring that wretched little Tommy out and break up the party like this—it's not as if we were really *intimate!* Still, it was ridiculous of everybody else to hurry off too, as if whooping-cough was anything to be so mortally afraid of! I wasn't in the *least* myself, as they might have seen. But perhaps it *is* just as well that Edwin and Arthur had it last winter.

READY ANSWER.—*Uncle.* Now, how did the mother of Moses hide him?

Niece. With a stick, uncle.

Young Masher (*to rival*). "I say, old, chap, I hear you're an excellent runner. Is that true?"
Rival (*eagerly*). "Rather!"
Young Masher. "Well, then, run home!"

Aunt. Why, Tommy, I've only just taken a splinter out of your hand, and now you've let pussy scratch you. How did that happen?

Tommy (*who has been tampering with the cat's whiskers*). Well, I was only trying to get some of the splinters out of her face!

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